

The Department of Music  
of  
The University of Alberta  
present

GARTH HOBDEN, composition

Tuesday, March 3, 1981 at 8:30 p.m.  
Convocation Hall, Old Arts Building

Theme and Variations. . . . . 1978  
Meijane Quong, piano

The Thought Fox . . . . . 1979  
Meijane Quong, piano  
Gordon Maxwell, baritone

Three Nocturnes . . . . . 1980  
Natalko  
Pharoah  
Maccarib  
Alfred Fisher and Heather Klassen, piano  
Ichiro Fujinaga and Brian Thurgood, percussion  
Garth Hobden, tape

INTERMISSION

Thropical Cliflectrev . . . . . 1981  
Bill Damur and David Crowther, flutes  
Don Ross and Gordon Towell, clarinets  
Dawn Hage, trumpet  
Clarke MacIntosh, horn  
Craig Hoskins, trombone  
Chris Helman, soprano saxophone  
Murray Vaasjo and Lawrie Hill, violins  
Frances Jellard, cello  
Bina John, harpsichord and reed organ  
John Jowett and Elsie Achuff, conductors

Electronic Tape Trilogy . . . . . 1979-81  
Genesis; Day One  
EML 200  
Respiration  
Garth Hobden, tape

Strata. . . . . 1981  
Bill Damur and David Crowther, flutes  
Beverly Beecroft, oboe  
Don Ross and Gordon Towell, clarinets  
Chris Helman, soprano saxophone  
Dawn Hage, trumpet  
Craig Hoskins and James Pfeiffer, trombones  
Murray Vaasjo and Lawrie Hill, violins  
Richard King, double bass  
John Jowett, conductor

Parting Thoughts. . . . . 1981  
Garth Hobden, tape

## THE THOUGHT FOX

I imagine this midnight moments forest  
Something else is alive  
Besides the clocks loneliness  
And this blank page where my fingers move

Through the window, I see no star  
Something more near  
Though deeper within darkness  
Is entering the loneliness

Cold delicately as the dark snow  
A fox rose touches twig, leaf  
Two eyes serve a moment, that  
And again now, and now, and now

Set neat prints into the snow  
Between trees, and warily a lame  
Shadow lags by stump and in hollow  
of a body that is bold to come.

Across clearings an eye  
A widening deepening greenness  
Brilliantly concentratedly  
Coming about its own business

Till with a sudden sharp stink of fox  
It enters the dark hole of the head  
The window is starless still, the clock ticks  
The page is printed.

TED HUGHES